

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, June 27, 1937

Guests We Never Invite Again

By the
Brilliant
Satirist
FISH



Guests Who Bring Their Children, and Your Children Hate Their Children, and It's Never Their Children's Fault When They Quarrel



Very Young Guest Who Takes Your Husband Moonlight Bathing



Guest Who Breaks Your Tools—"Sorry Old Chap—Rotten Axe This! Broke First Go-Off"



Guests Who Know the Awful People Next Door That You Have Successfully Avoided For Months



Guests Who Have Got Divorced and You Didn't Know About It—and Remarried. Former Wife Greeting the New Wife of Her Once Husband in a Frosty Manner

FISH

Out For New Records In The Great "Leapstakes"

A Hardy Leaping Frog, as He Looks Closeup, When in Condition and Ready for One of the Contests That Are Now Being Widely Popularized.



All Set and Ready for the Starting Gun.

FROG-JUMPING contests do not yet rank as a major sport in this country, but they are gaining in popularity all the time, especially in California. Every year, in the town of Angels Camp, thousands of people gather to watch "studies" of the pop-eyed, long-legged amphibians leap for prizes and for publicity. The show at this place is called

Mark Twain's Frog-Jumping Jubilee, and as many as 20,000 spectators have gathered to cheer the spotted

Going! Impelled by the Power of His Long Legs, Mr. Frog Rises From the Ground and Is Well on His Way to Making No. 1 Hop.

The contest at which Old Gold captured the world's crown by more than two feet was held at Reed Field, California, and some 250 frogs were entered. It was a great day for the frogs and the spectators, for fourteen of the entrants bettered the previous record, which was expected to stand for some time.

According to Franz Thiel, an expert at handling jumping frogs, the Reed Field show was good because the frogs were carefully picked, the arena was properly laid out and conditions were

athletic and lay bare up their performance.

The official world's record is held, at the moment, by a frog named Old Gold. In the three consecutive leaps—that is the very official jumps—are measured—this fellow covered 15 feet, 9 inches. The previous record was 13 feet, 3 inches, and was held by a leaper known as Budweiser.

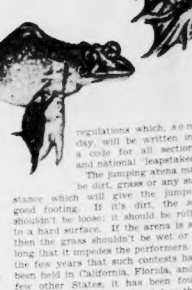
right for the frogs to turn in unusual performances.

Already, says Mr. Thiel, frog-jumping is becoming something of a recognized sport, with certain rules and

Going! He Got Off to an Excellent Start, and Here the Camera Shows Him Still Rising in the Long Are Described by a Single Leap.

regulations which, some day, will be written into a code for all sectional and national "leapstakes."

The jumping arena may be dirt, grass or any substance which will give the jumpers a good footing. If it's dirt, the soil should be loose; it should be ruffed to a hard surface. If the arena is not then grass should be wet or so long that it impedes the performers. In the few years that such contests have been held in California, Florida, and a few other States, it has been found that the proper arena is not less than 50 feet square. This gives the frogs plenty of chance to jump and affords



Several such heaters have been built in California and are pointing the way to improvements which should make the heat of the sun even more efficient in providing a supply of hot water for homes and small places of business.

Dr. F. A. Brooks, the man who is directing the experiments, has tested several other types of solar heating apparatus besides the pipe-network arrangement. He found that flat tanks sloped so that their upper surfaces get the full heat of the sun are even cheaper to build than the pipe system. But they are not so efficient.

The highest temperatures, Dr. Brooks reports, were gained by the use of flat glass tanks with a shining black upper surface covered with a thin layer of water. Black, of course, absorbs instead of reflects heat. This type of heater costs more than the system of pipes exposed to the solar rays and will be studied further before it is recommended for general use.

Many people are inquiring at the college, asking how they can get solar heaters and how much the apparatus would cost. The scientists conducting the experiments have been able to give some fairly close estimates. With the pipe-type water it is necessary to have one foot of pipe for every gallon of water required.

In the northern sections of the country it is unlikely that solar heaters would be of much use. But in those areas where the summer season is long and the sun heats down with great intensity, such equipment, for heating water—and for cooking, has possibilities which are rapidly being discovered in tests like those being conducted at the California State College of Agriculture.

The tests will be continued and the findings passed on to the general public in the near future.

Still Going! Now at the Zenith of the Leap, Froggie Begins to Descend Gracefully, and Is Showing All the Form of an Expert Fancy Diver.

A few weeks ago the annual Jumping Frog Jubilee was staged at Angels Camp, and a first money was won by a frog named Emmet Dalton.



Gone! Only a Hind Leg Is Visible, and the Frog, Upon Landing, Revealed That He Had Championship Stuff in Him.

When a frog is set down ten feet back of the center of the crowd, at fifty feet away from the crowd, that distance he can't make out that the edge of the arena is lined with humans and takes the mass of color for a place of shelter. So he leaps in that direction.

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The young woman in the photograph above is a hard working nurse attached to one of London's largest hospitals. She expects to spend her taking care of the sick and has no intention to go on the stage or in show such as a girl when they walk along the street.

The nurse didn't think that anyone would pay any particular attention to her, but she figured that the model would look human and that she would appear to be carrying the heaviest and heaviest dummy in one hand.

Willing to Give Up Their Eyes for Blind Man

SYDNEY, Australia. FOUR years ago Frank Bridgewater lost the sight of one eye and went all but blind in the other when, in the course of a scientific experiment, a pun of ammonia he was heating on a stove exploded.

Bridgewater was determined that he would not become a useless invalid and took up the study of radio. It was hard going for he had to learn to read Braille, the printed language of the blind.

His wife read to him by the hour and he applied the knowledge he gained in this way in the making of radio apparatus.

At the end of a year he had trained his hands to work well without the benefit of eyes to guide them and he designed and built much of the complicated equipment for an amateur radio station. When it was finished he went on the air and was assigned the call letters VK2CZ. Almost every day he broadcast from his little station and thousands of listeners in came to know him.

Specialists recently said that Bridgewater would go completely blind if a car came from a human eye couldn't be moved to be placed in the man's hand—blind one eye.



Not long ago it occurred to the Wyoming stamp collector that there are other ways of showing stamps than pasting them in the pages of an album. He had heard of artists who had fashioned "paintings" entirely of stamps and of women who had used their imaginations and had the little bits of paper sewed in dresses. And here a fellow of considerable originality he cooked up an idea at his own—having his car done over with stamps as the raw material for the "paint job."

As might be expected, this is no overnight piece of work. You can't put stamps on with a brush or with a spray gun. They've got to be handled one at a time and with great care. If the surface is to be covered and every one of them is to stick, also, to do a good job, you can't just stick the stamps on bit-or-else and get the most arduous results. Tools have to be mingled with blade and brush and all the other colors of the rainbow, and a few little brushes.

ing the course of a conversation with another amateur radio station operator Bridgewater mentioned this fact.

When his wife learned that there was a chance of restoring his sight she went to the specialists and offered one of her eyes. But she wasn't the only one who came forward. Eight men, living in various parts of Australia, wrote to the radio man. They had, they said, two good eyes and were willing to give one of them to Bridgewater. Only two of the volunteers expected pay.

Mr. Hadley, of Casper, Wyoming, and his car covered with postage stamps from many countries. There are 37,700 stickers in the "Paint Job."

His New "Paint Job" Supplied By a Dozen Countries

Mr. Hadley's machine is a genuine sixty and everybody in Casper and vicinity knows about it, although few of these people would have such a car if they saw it. As it stands, it has a perfect right to have any kind of automobile he wants, but I wouldn't take the chance of getting it in a public square, that a motor star or a public enemy on his way to prison. I'd rather keep my stamps in books, if I were interested in such things, than to carry them around with me in any such fashion.

Philatelists who have seen Mr. Hadley's curious manner of exhibiting his stamp collection say that he has some good new pasters here and there beyond the two main of "transporters" which are now collectors' staples. There are some that collectors would pay high prices for, but there are some fine U. S. and foreign ones that not every philatelist can show in his books.

It is likely that the stamps are in the few blocks she walked with the public has a habit of gazing at such unusual sights and that she was the center of many a group of admirers. The experience at first embarrassed her and she admitted that she felt very shy and blushed with embarrassment when she realized what

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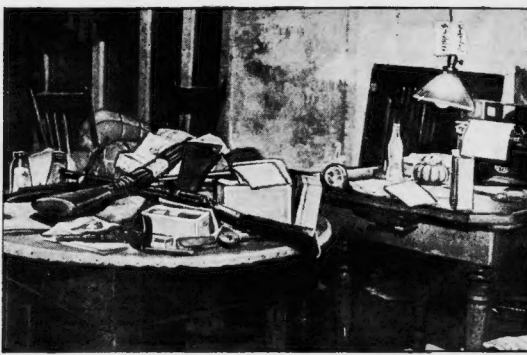
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Amateur Girl Detective Smashes Reno's Dope Ring

"The Girl in the Red Jacket" Manages to Get Into the Confidence of Drug Dealers, Assigns Herself to the Job of Collecting Evidence and Even Catches a Federal Narcotic Agent in Her Net



Joyce McAllister, the Young Woman Whose Single-Handed and Unofficial Investigations Led to the Unraveling of Reno's Dope Ring and the Arrest of a Federal Narcotic Agent.



The Infamous Rear Room of the "Public Club," Where Miss McAllister Managed to Meet the Leaders of the Drug Ring and Where the Dope Was Hidden. The Boxes on the Table Are Filled With Drugs and the Guns Were Found There by the Raiders.



Up the Dark Alley Miss McAllister Went and Stood Silently in Front of a Window. Presently It Opened and a Hand Slowly Reached Out and Into the Glass She Put a Dollar Bill. The Hand Disappeared Into the Darkness of the Room and Instantly Another Hand Was Thrust Out Holding a "Bottle"—One "Shot" of Cocaine. The Window Closed and Miss McAllister Withdrew—Not a Word Had Been Spoken. Now Had She Seen the Face or Figure of the Person Who Delivered the Dope.

RENO, June 22.—The life of a divorcee of Reno has had something to occupy its mind recently besides scandal, scandal and gambling. A young woman who had never smiled nor tasted opium suddenly emerged the other day from the shady little underworld of this notorious city where, single-handed, she had done such effective detective work that she has completely broken up Reno's dope ring.

Nobody asked Joyce McAllister to run down the illicit drug sellers who have been supplying divorce seekers. She appointed herself a detective and her skill and earnestness were so great and the evidence so complete that three Chinese and one white member of the going have confessed. But her most extraordinary achievement was the "tapping" of a United States narcotic agent and on this amateur detective's evidence the Federal grand jury has indicted him. The charge against him is the more astounding because it was his sworn duty to do the very work Miss McAllister did instead of selling drugs himself and protecting the dope ring as he asserts. He has denied the charges and will be put on trial.

Why did Joyce McAllister, who is not her real name, undertake that dangerous task without authority from anybody or promise of reward? Well, the facts are like an old-time melodrama.

Into Reno one day last December came Mrs. Genet Dry, the estranged wife of Mike Dry, former mayor of Oklahoma. Football star. She wanted to look into the divorce situation because she was considering getting out herself. But everything cost more than she expected and she was soon out of money. Then Genet did a foolish thing, she handed a check for \$250 at her hotel, knowing she did not have the funds in bank to meet it. Arrested and brought into court, she was sentenced to the Reno jail for three months. She had registered at the hotel under the name of Miss Joyce McAllister and that was the name on the prison books.

It was during this jail sentence that the young woman who later was to upset the divorce colony's dope ring learned for the first time just at first hand about the evils of narcotic drugs. While she was a prisoner and near the end of the two months she actually served, having earned thirty days off for good behavior, a woman drug addict was brought to the jail and held there for some time awaiting trial on a Federal drug law violation charge.



"Bundles" of Morphine or Cocaine—Each Package Is Enough for One "Shot" and Costs \$1.

This woman, Mrs. Isabel McCracken, who later was sent to a Federal prison, was not given any drugs after she was jailed, and her condition became pitiable. There is no matron in the Washoe County jail, and Miss McAllister asked Sheriff Ray Root if she could help Mrs. McCracken. She gave the woman alcohol rubdowns in an effort to ease her nervousness, and when it appeared that Mrs. McCracken might become violently ill, she reported to Root, who sent for a doctor. It was about this time that Miss McAllister's term ended, but she returned to the jail to see if she could be of further help to Mrs. McCracken. She learned from Sheriff Root that the doctor had ordered morphine for Mrs. McCracken, having decided that the shock of being out from drugs all at once was too severe and might cause her death.

But Mrs. McCracken had not been given any morphine as yet, and she did not know that the doctor had ordered it for her. When Miss McAllister went in to see her, the desperate woman pleaded with her to get her some dope. She told Joyce who to go to, and where, and what to say when she got there, and that was what started the whole investigation that ended in the arrest of three Chinese—Woo Sing, leader of the gang and owner of Reno's Public Club, which turned out to be the headquarters of the ring; Yoo Woo and Woo Sing Wing; also Chris Hansen.

The "Public Club" in Reno's Chinatown Which Masked the Operations of the Dope Sellers.

Federal narcotic agent, and A. V. McAvoy, former Internal Revenue Department employee and recently a WPA photographer. When Mrs. McCracken had given her all the instructions necessary for her to get the drugs, Miss McAllister began to ponder the situation. She decided she had a duty to perform, and she went to the sheriff and explained the plan that had been formed in her mind. In addition to having looked in Mrs. McCracken's plan, she had to follow the instructions Mrs. McCracken had given her. Her scheme was to follow out the instructions, get on good terms with the drug peddlers, buy drugs from them, and when she had beguiled her way into their confidence, call government agents to make the necessary raids and arrests. Meanwhile Mrs. McCracken was to be given the morphine the doctor had ordered, but she was to get it from Miss McAllister, believing it to be obtained from the dope ring. This last was to prevent the possibility of any link in Miss McAllister's plan.

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Reno's underworld is known to be tough. All the gamblers, including the taking of nondescript "witnesses" for a ride from which they do not come back, are utilized by those who control the crooked gambling, licensed vice and drug rackets.

Miss McAllister took her life in her hands when she set out, without

Woo Sing, the Reno Night Club Owner and Head of the Dope Ring Broken Up by Miss McAllister.

witnessed. They never leave Reno because they can, or could, get drugs there easier than anywhere else in the country. Last April, after long negotiations, she was introduced to Woo Sing, the Chinese owner of the Public Club. By this time she was well known as "the girl in the red jacket" and the Chinese had no suspicions of her real purpose. One night, while in the Public Club, she saw a man she had noticed around the place before walk into the closely guarded rear room. She made some casual inquiries, and was astonished to learn that the man was Chris Hansen, the Federal narcotic agent for the Reno district—the man whose duty it was to run down and arrest dope sellers.

Joyce McAllister reasoned that anyone who had been around the Public Club as much as Hansen had, and who had access to the rear room must be well aware of the drug racket that was going on. She came to the conclusion that Hansen was mixed up in the racket in some way. Playing "dumb" to verify her belief, she later asked Woo Sing if it wasn't dangerous to have a Federal agent around the place. His reply left her with no doubt in her mind about Hansen's status.

She learned, the grand jury who indicted the men were told, that Hansen got the morphine accepted money from Woo Sing, and permitted the drug traffic to operate almost openly, but he also sold drugs himself.

Miss McAllister was determined to trap Hansen, along with Woo Sing and the rest, and she got along with the drug peddlers so well that she herself eventually gained access to the back room of the Public Club, an evidence of the utmost confidence. It was in these back rooms where she eventually met Hansen, who accepted her all free value—if those cautious Chinese let her in there she must be all right.

After she had known the man for some time, she said, she broached the

subject of buying morphine from him, and he told her he could get it for her, but only in quantities of an ounce or more. The price of morphine in Reno runs from \$150 to \$250 an ounce—depending on the supply and demand—outrageous prices even for illicit drugs, and Hansen, she said, told her he would fix it up for her to get an ounce of morphine for \$225.

Meanwhile Miss McAllister had been reporting in secret to the sheriff, who was as pleased as she with the progress she was making. It was decided that now the time had come to call in help, and the Federal authorities were notified.

So that there could be no leak to get back to Hansen and warn him, it was testified, only three Federal men were told of the investigation. One of these men was A. R. Crisler, who was sent out from Chicago to Reno to work with Miss McAllister. Now "the girl in the red jacket" had an escort when she went to Chinatown. Crisler posed as a divorce seeker, and as he was vouched for by Miss McAllister, he had no trouble getting all the evidence he needed to convince him that everything she had told him was the truth.

It was decided to trap Hansen, and Miss McAllister was supplied with money with which to buy drugs from the Federal agent. It was then that McAvoy entered the scene. The WPA photographer claims that he was more or less a dope for Hansen. The agent trusted Miss McAllister, she said, but did not want to make the sale direct. So it was testified, he got in touch with McAvoy, whom he had known for some time, and delivered the drugs to him, telling him to see Miss McAllister. The price was to be the \$225 agreed upon, and McAvoy, it is charged, was to get \$50 for each ounce he sold the girl.

In his confession McAvoy told Federal men that he had made two sales to Miss McAllister, the only two narcotic law violations he had ever been guilty of, and he had not been paid his \$100 for that.

Meanwhile, when McAvoy approached her, Miss McAllister pretended to put him off, and got in touch with Hansen. "Was McAvoy a reliable man?" she wanted to know. The Federal agent assured her, she testified, that McAvoy was reliable and that he personally would see that she got only a good grade of unadulterated drugs, and the right weight, or

(Continued on Page 3)

Now They Know Who's The Prettiest Milkmaid



Lois Neel, Who Represented Holland, Was One of the Runners-up. She Helped From Sabetha in the "International" Contest.



On Left—The Banner of England Was Worn by Arlene Gartner, Who Also Scored Among the Five Champ Milkmaids. Above—France and Scotland Were Represented by These Pretty Costumed Contestants. Norine McFall, Shown Wearing the Kilts of Scotland.



Aloha Warner, the American Milkmaid. The Fairview, Kansas, Girl Who Won the Contest. She Is Eighteen Years Old.



Tex, the Fifteen Year-Old Dog, of Heckley, Texas, Believed to Be the Fattest Dog Alive, and "Tex" Really Believes He Carries Some Weight.



Tex Is Ten or So Much Around as He Is Tall. He Weighs 150 Pounds.

The Postmaster Who Built His Own Post Office

THE citizens of Climax, Michigan, wouldn't swap their little postoffice for the finest building that a clever Congressman could get them as proof of his power in Washington. No structure of white marble with sculptures flanking broad steps and WPA murals decorating its interior could take the place of the little headquarters for mail which is a memorial to their beloved Willis L. Lawrence, their postmaster before his death, and the first rural free delivery carrier in the State of Michigan.

About the time he began driving mail along the dusty roads of his section of the country, back in 1896, he dreamed of the day when Climax would have a postoffice that would be sturdy, permanent and especially appropriate for that particular community.

Week after week and year after year he kept looking for rocks that would make good building material. Whenever he saw one of the right size, color and shape he would put it in his wagon and later, his automobile, and carry it back to Climax.



When the time came to start the project, the best man in Climax was called on the job and told exactly what to do. He followed the instructions of the postmaster to the letter, and a handsome building was the inevitable result of careful planning and honest work.

Soon after the postoffice was ready for its formal opening Mr. Lawrence died. His last days were made easier by the knowledge that

something he had thought about for forty years had been finished and that he had been able to have a hand in the building which, in Climax, will always stand as a monument to his memory.

Some years ago something similar was accomplished in the coal mining country of West Virginia—in the town of East Bank, to be specific. The builder in this case was one Harry Johnson, the local justice of the peace, who derived most of his income from the fines he imposed on culprits who broke the law, in one way or another.

Mr. Johnson was not the altruist and hard worker that the postmaster of Climax, Michigan, was. But he was filled with community spirit and appreciated that East Bank wasn't getting its share of fines from law-breakers because it had no jail. So he put up a house-gone himself, and a good one, costing about \$15,000.

Mrs. Johnson was installed as matron, and anybody who had the misfortune to be arrested in that neighborhood was made to pay his or her share of the cost. The charge was \$1 a day for occupancy of one of the stout, weather-tight cells, and meals were billed at the rate of twenty-five cents each—this in addition to whatever fine might be imposed on the prisoner.

The West Virginians, but, however, is not the popular landmark that the Michigan postoffice is. If, at some future time, Climax should outgrow its postoffice, the odd and original building will be preserved as a landmark.

At the time of the Exposition of Arts and Industries, in New York, "Tex" never seen a goose like this. Well, Fanny Is the Only Goose in the World With a Double Chin, and Because of That Fact Has Escaped the Dinner Table.

Has Anybody Got a Dog Fatter Than Tex?

THE citizens of Heckley, Texas, haven't gone to any great trouble to investigate the claim, but it is their belief that they have, right in their town, the fattest dog—for his size—in the country, perhaps in the whole world.

The dog's name is Tex. He's fifteen years old, twenty-two inches high and, oddly enough, forty-four inches around. He is the pet of Miss Irma Jane Park, and has been a member of the Park family since he was a gangling puppy six weeks old.

Tex tips the scales at 150 pounds, which is a lot more than a big of his size, and breed should be a mystery to his owners because he is not a heavy eater. Veterinarians are puzzled, too, although they say that lack of exercise makes many old dogs put on excess weight. It is their guess that something has gotten out of kilter with one of the dog's glands and that he'll be as he is until he dies.

The hot weather "gets" this polly-pup and in the summer time he sleeps under the family ice-box and takes frequent drinks of the cold water in the pan. In the winter he enjoys the luxury of a mattress all his own and rests his gray head on a specially made pillow. If the thermometer drops much below freezing his owner covers him with a well-padded quilt.

Tex isn't a heavy eater but he's a fussy one. He is particularly fond of anything flavored with lemon and eats quantities of lemon cookies which, when the weather is warm, he washes down with dishes of ice-cold lemonade. Watermelon is one of his favorite dishes, and he likes to eat a bunch of grapes now and

then, or suck the juice from a couple of oranges. It would seem that this sort of diet would soon pull Tex down to normal size, although he does vary much meals with occasional orders of roast beef and liver.

Goose With a Double Chin

A QUEER accident of Nature has saved a goose named "Fanny" from the chopping-block and, subsequently, someone's dinner table. This web-footed product of the farm is different from her waddling sisters—she has a double-chin and, so far as can be learned, her like is not to be found in the country.

This picture of "Fanny" was snapped at the Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries recently held in New York City. What "Fanny" had to do with either art or industry never was made clear, but a lot of people did stop to have a look at her and marvel at the strange twists that Mother Nature gives some of her creatures now and then.

Except for the extra fold of material under her rounded bill, "Fanny" is not unlike other members of her "honking" species. They say her mother was a normal goose and that her father was a handsome gander with only one chin. But it was lucky for "Fanny" that something went awry in her makeup. If it hadn't, she wouldn't be an attraction to exhibitions.



"Really," Says Little Nona Walker, at the Exposition of Arts and Industries, in New York, "I've never seen a goose like this." Well, Fanny Is the Only Goose in the World With a Double Chin, and Because of That Fact Has Escaped the Dinner Table.

World's Biggest Magnet to Trap the Cosmic Rays

Expected to Solve the Mystery of Their Constant Bombardment of Earth from Outer Space, Point the Way to Escape-Proof Prison Bars and, Among Other Things, Determine Whether We Do Sleep More Soundly With Our Heads Turned to the North

To Be Protected Against the Cosmic Rays a Man Would Have to Take Refuge Behind a Shield of Lead 6 Feet 6 Inches Thick, as Shown Above, or Hide Under Nearly 100 Feet of Water, as Pictured Below.

THE most powerful magnet ever built will be on exhibition at the Paris Exposition this Summer. Its weight is about 100 tons, of which 100 tons is of iron and five tons of copper in the wires which form its gigantic coils. It is worked by electricity, and so enormous is the power used that the small part of it which is converted into heat would be enough to melt magnet and everything else a hundred feet around it if special precautions were not taken.

With this magnet, French scientists expect to solve the many mysteries of the cosmic rays, about which little is known, although they were discovered fifteen years ago.

Nobody has ever seen the cosmic rays and probably nobody ever will. The particles of which they are made are too small and they go too fast. But by an apparatus attached to the magnet the tracks of these particles can be made visible even though they make the tracks cannot be. It is somewhat as though a locomotive should run so fast that no one could see it pass, but would leave behind it a trail of smoke which would show where it had been. During this device, the French scientists are not only able to see the tracks of the rays but also to measure how much these tracks were bent from normal by the magnet's attraction.

If you put an ordinary magnet on the edge of a smooth table and then throw iron filings across the table top in front of the magnet some of these filings will be caught by the magnet before they can pass, while others going too fast or too far outside the field to be caught will sweep in toward it as they go by. The giant French magnet seems to act in the same way upon the cosmic rays. Because of this, the most powerful ever detected were recently recorded and measured.

Full knowledge of the cosmic rays what they are, what they do, where they come from, what causes them—may be of vital importance to the future of mankind. They are the shortest and most penetrating of all known rays. They act as though they were bullets, immovably true in size and with equally immovable speed. They come from outer space, far beyond our solar system, and a man would have to wear a 6-foot-thick shield of lead armor to keep them from going through him. Some scientists think they may have something to do with the physical changes we call old age.

More scientists think that they have, and have had in the past, much to do with evolution. An unusually heavy bombardment of rays unusually strong may be the cause of sudden jumps in the evolutionary progress and the appearance on earth of entirely new species of plants, birds, germs or even animals. Not impossible, a change in intensity might produce a new form of humanity, either better or worse, from the germ-cells of the present, or some other new form of life which would supplant man.

Scientists always have been puzzled to account for the apparent fact that most of the new species of plants seem to originate in mountain countries rather than on the great plains or on the seacoast. Plants are created in the mountains of Peru. Most of the everyday fruits are products of the mountainous regions of Asia. India corn originated in the

mountains of Central America. While the exact place of origin of wheat still is unknown, most of the evidence indicates that this plant, also, was of mountain origin, somewhere in the mountains of Asia Minor.

The usual theory has been that the extreme variation of mountain weather from day to day and season to season favored in some way the creations of new species or perhaps favored their survival. Mountains have been regarded as giant testing stations set up by Nature to try out new kinds of animals or plants.

The idea of Dr. H. H. Henshaw, Thomas, of Cambridge University, outlined in an address before the Linnean Society of London, is different. Admitting that mountains are places where most of the new kinds of living creatures appear, he ascribes this not to weather changes but to greater intensities of the cosmic rays. Mountain countries are bathed, on the average, in more intense radiation than those sandy-shoulder mountains turn out to be among the chief centers of evolution.

So it will be apparent that the study of the cosmic rays by means of the giant magnet has very practical value.

But showing the cosmic rays to Exposition visitors is not the job of the magnet or even its chief end. After its vacation it will be back in the laboratory at Bellevue, near Paris, working at finding out new things about the structure of matter and the chemistry of atoms and molecules.

And even such everyday practical things as what kinds of bars are best to put in prisons to keep the wicked from getting out. Also, whether it is true that people would sleep better with their heads pointed to the north, and whether certain drugs and medicines have greater effect upon patients whose heads are placed in a strong magnetic field when taking them.

The French magnet contains two gigantic conical coils of special iron, between which the intense magnetic field is concentrated. Around each of these conical iron cores is wrapped a coil of insulated copper wire, the coils in powerful dynamo. When an electric current is passed through these coils magnetic forces thousands of times stronger than those which could be exerted

by any magnet made of ordinary steel are generated and concentrated between the conical points. Anything put between these terminals is exposed to the most powerful continuous magnetism available anywhere on earth, a force hundreds of thousands of times stronger than the strongest hand magnet that anybody ever uses.

Several years ago a brilliant young Russian physicist, Professor Peter L. Kapitza, came to work at Cambridge University, in England, with Lord

Rutherford, famous as one of the authors of the modern theory of atoms. In Cambridge, Professor Kapitza constructed a magnetic apparatus able to create forces two or three times greater than those created by the Paris apparatus. The difficulty was that this Cambridge apparatus could maintain these forces only for about one hundredth of a second.

With such a sudden magnetic shock lasting only about the time of a photographer's flash, certain scientific experiments can be done quite successfully. Other experiments, especially the important one which scientists want to make on the magnetic properties of life, cannot be carried out in this instantaneous way but need

the permanent, although less intense, forces which magnets of the French type produce.

One of the important workers with the Paris magnet is Professor Louis Leprince-Ringuet, of the Paris Polytechnic School, who is distinguished as a foremost student of the cosmic rays. It was Professor Ringuet and his assistant, Dr. Jean Crossard, who succeeded in detecting the ultra-powerful cosmic radiations.

Another important application of the giant magnet is to the study of some remarkable things which happen when metals are cooled almost to the absolute zero of outer space.

In these extremes of cold, lead and some other metals and alloys have the astonishing property of carrying electricity without any resistance. If a tiny lead wire no thicker than a hairpin were stretched between California and New York City, and if there was some way to keep this lead wire cooled down to a degree or two above absolute zero, the one tiny wire could carry all the electric power of Boulder Dam without either losing any of this power or being damaged by the current.

The practical difficulty is that no one knows how to keep such a wire cooled to the necessary low temperature. Scientists believe, however, that further studies of these remarkable phenomena are sure to prove useful in some way or other, and this is one of the tasks to which the French magnet will be devoted.

For such uses of iron as that in making bars on prison doors and windows, magnetism is important. The best prison bars have tough iron on the outside and very hard steel on the inside. The hard steel, used alone, is brittle and can be cracked. The tough iron, used alone, is soft enough to be sawed. Both together make a bar which neither can be sawed, bent

nor cracked, but no one can test this bar by looking at it. That is where magnetic tests become important, and one of the giant magnet's proposed tasks is to aid in further studies of such properties of iron.

Perhaps most useful to mankind will be the studies of the relationships between magnetism and life.

Last year, at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Grace Kimball reported experiments which seem to show that magnetic forces affect the growth of living bacteria and the cells of yeast. In Russia, Professor Erwin Bauer of the Leningrad Institute of Experimental Medicine reports similar relations and even finds that the magnetic properties of such tiny living creatures change suddenly when the bacteria or yeast cells die.

Just what are the magnetic properties or relations of living cells no one knows. Perhaps these things are related to the atoms of iron billions of which are present in human blood and which exist in almost equal proportions in virtually every kind of living matter. The French investigators, made by Dr. Denier la Tour du Pin, although not with the large Academy magnet, has indicated that certain medicines affect brain cells differently if the patient's head is placed in a powerful magnetic field. The idea is that the magnetic force may alter atoms or molecules of the medicine, so that these have greater effects.

One familiar belief of many people is that they can sleep better with their heads pointed toward the North, in the direction of the earth's magnetic force. Some experts deny this. Others think that there may be something to it, although they do not know exactly what.

Another magnetic effect sometimes suspected by people who work around powerful electric or magnetic machinery is an increase of nervousness when one is exposed for hours to such forces. Again this never has been proved or disproved. If anyone among the scientists, or among the visitors who see the giant magnet this Summer, feels like volunteering for the experiment, it would be interesting to find out how sleep, intelligence and other bodily or mental functions would be changed by keeping the experimenter's head for minutes or hours between the poles of the gigantic magnet and exposed to the enormous forces which it creates.

How the Ordinary Magnet Acts Upon Iron.

- 1—If Small Nails Are Thrown Across a Table in Front of a Magnet, They Are Caught by the Magnet's Poles as They Enter Its Field of Attraction.
- 2—But If the Nails Have Sufficient Speed They Will Pass by the Magnet, but Their Course Is Deflected as Shown.
- 3—With Still Greater Speed They Will Pass Unaffected by Magnetic Attraction.

The Cosmic Rays Pass Through the Magnetic Field of the Great French Magnet Too Rapidly to Be Caught, but Their Paths Are Curved by Its Attraction Like the Line of Nails (2).

The permanent, although less intense, forces which magnets of the French type produce.

One of the important workers with the Paris magnet is Professor Louis Leprince-Ringuet, of the Paris Polytechnic School, who is distinguished as a foremost student of the cosmic rays. It was Professor Ringuet and his assistant, Dr. Jean Crossard, who succeeded in detecting the ultra-powerful cosmic radiations.

Another important application of the giant magnet is to the study of some remarkable things which happen when metals are cooled almost to the absolute zero of outer space.

The Ghastly Story That Ruined Her Honeymoon

Young Homer Loomis, New York Night Club Playboy, Marries in the Early Hours of Dawn, Then Puts His Bride in a Darkened Room and Has Her Read Dickens' Story of a Madman Who Murdered His Wife



Young Loomis at the Night-Club Telephone Gives His Mother a Break and She Gives Her Playboy Son a Karache.



Phoenix Ingraham Playing the Night-Club Piano and, Sitting On It, Are Young Loomis, S. Heaton, Fletcher Loomis and William Blake During the Sit-Down Exploit.



Laura Loomis, the Young California Heiress, Whose Marriage to Homer Loomis, Jr., Was Annulled.

DAWN was just breaking on a cold December morning in 1933 when Homer Loomis, Jr., then a twenty-year-old student at Princeton University, and the son of a wealthy New York attorney, and pretty Laura Loomis, California heiress, who once won a beauty contest "for a lark," stepped down from the porch of a house at Armonk, New York. They had been married about three minutes before by one of the "marrying justices" who have made Armonk notorious.

A few minutes after that the young bride and groom climbed into a cab and headed for New York. Laura was wondering what Homer's parents might have to say about the swift courtship and swift marriage. But Homer seemed to have no disturbing thoughts on his mind.

"Hain't it been a lark?" he gaily asked his very new bride. "Wonder how we will get out of it?" Laura thought that was a funny remark for such a new bridegroom to make, but she forgot it as they reached the city. Homer suggested that she go to a hotel, while he went home to break the news to father and mother, and Laura thought that might be a good idea.

She wasn't so sure when dawn the next morning arrived. Dawn was there, but Homer was missing, and had been ever since they parted the morning before. She thought perhaps his parents were holding him prisoner against his will, but she stayed on in the room in hope that he would escape. He finally did get there after dark that night. He carried a book under his arm and explained he had been unconsciously detained because his family had "taken the news of his marriage a bit hard. But everything would be fine, he said cheerfully, to the end.

He pulled down the shades in the hotel room, and turned off all the lights but one, while his bride looked on. The single light left burning was above a davenport on which she was sitting. Homer walked over to the davenport with the book and handed it to his bride.

"Read on the story I have marked, honey. I want to study the expression on your face," he asked.

Laura thought that was very sweet of him, and she dropped her eyes to the book to read. She was a little startled, she said, when she found the title was "A Madman's Manuscript."

She was more startled than ever when she had finished reading the story, she told the Los Angeles court recently when she brought suit for annulment of the marriage. Yes, in fact the main point in her suit was that he had asked her to read such a story on what amounted to their first night of married life.

It was a story about a man who married a woman and then talked about so many ways of killing her that she finally went insane and died. Laura testified, "It was terrible. When I got through Homer asked me what I thought of it. I told him I didn't like it at all and I thought it was impos-

sible, anyway."

"Do you?" asked her young husband, whom she really didn't know very well. "I don't, I think it very possible. In fact, I've thought of it a lot."

Laura had been wishing her husband would show up, but now she began to wish he would go away. He just sat in the dark, watching her as she read, and cold shivers began to run up and down her back.

Homer did go away. Laura told the judge, and so did she. She went about as far away as she could get, to her home and mother in California. Later she decided that wasn't far enough and she went on to Hawaii. And thus was begun and ended one of the shortest married lives on record—consisting of a cab ride from the town of Armonk to New York City, and one reading of Dickens' "A Madman's Manuscript," from "Pickwick Papers."

The Los Angeles judge listened to her testimony with astonishment and agreed that her experience had been probably unique in matrimonial history, and after he had read the creepy "Manuscript" himself, granted the annulment.

Laura said she wasn't certain just why Homer had given her the book to read, in the first place, but that she knew she never could feel entirely comfortable with a husband, who, upon his bridal night, sat in a darkened room watching his bride while she read.

At last the old spirits who have been with me so often before whispered in my ear that the time was come and thrust the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed and leaned over my sleeping wife.

Laura probably wouldn't have been worried so much if she had known how much of a prankster Homer Loomis, Jr., is, and how strange are some of his pranks. It was Homer who conceived the novel stunt of a sit-down strike in a New York night club a few months ago as a protest against parental supervision.

Homer was twenty-two years old at this time, and he, along with his brother, Fletcher, twenty, and their friends, Phoenix Ingraham, nineteen; William Blake, nineteen, and Edward Heaton, twenty, took their passions to the Club Ball, one of New York's well-known, and very lively night spots. In the early hours of the next morning they awakened the remaining guests and started the evacuation by putting on pajamas in the men's room, marching out into the club and announcing they were to stay until their parents allowed them to remain until night until such hours as it seemed to them, time to go home. Instead of establishing a curfew for the boys. And they did stay for the rest of that night until somebody telephoned Homer's mother, who telephoned Homer. The youth remained true to his father, and refused to go home until his irritated mother arrived on the scene and sent the whole bunch of them packing.

The boys told reporters they had started their strike to prove their manliness, and gain freedom from parental supervision. Many thought the young men had demonstrated how badly they still needed somebody to tell them when to go to bed and perhaps a good, old-fashioned spanking. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis certainly decided they still needed parental supervision, for the allowances of the two brothers were cut



Laura, the Disillusioned Bride, Photographed on the Beach After She Won a California Bathing Beauty Prize.

to twenty-five cents a day for a probationary period. Patrons with only a quarter cent could lounge long in a night club.

If the reader is not familiar with Dickens' creepy story which Loomis offered his kinsome bride to read, here it is in condensed form:

"Yes—a madman!" Dickens starts out, and his poor, fiddle-brained creature then goes on to tell how the term would have terrified him years ago. He tells how he came from a family in which the strain of insanity was strong. It had mired his father, but he knew it would not skip the second generation. He imagined his friends drew away from him, and pointed at him in pity as a doomed victim of madness. He was certain they only waited for him to do something out of the ordinary, to clap him in an asylum.

But then his brain did snap, the writer continues. He became a madman indeed, and instead of being frightened any longer, he enjoyed it. He enjoyed it because, madman that he was, he had outsteered his closest friends. He knew he was mad, but they didn't. And in this early stage of madness he had that cunning something credited to the insane, he made more money than ever before. In addition to

his own wealth he inherited an estate, and he spent his money as lavishly as a madman could. All the time he had to fight himself to conceal the gleam that came from the knowledge that he was mad, and how frightened a friend who sat watching him sharpen a knife would be if that friend only knew that he was mad, and had half a mind to plunge that knife into the other man's heart.

But he restrained himself. That became his great game—to outwit those who knew him best. Meanwhile he had cultivated as his special friends three brothers and their father, all of them poverty stricken. He outdid himself to entertain them, his object being to play a madman's joke upon them. He knew they coveted his gold, so he paid court to the eldest daughter of the family, a beautiful young girl who, at the entreaty of her family, eventually agreed to marry him.

"I was rich; and when I married the girl, I saw a smile, of triumph play upon the face of her needy relatives. But it was for me to smile; to laugh outright and tear my hair and roll upon the ground with shrieks of merriment. They little thought they had married her to a madman."

But when the madman got his bride



Photograph of Mrs. Loomis, Mother of the Loomis Boys, After She Arrived at the Night Club, Broke Up Their Fun by "Sit-Down All Night" Exploit and Marched Her Sons Home.

home he found that the joke was not so great, perhaps, as he had thought. The unfortunate girl had been in love with a village youth of no fortune, and she only consented to marry the madman because of her family. In his "Manuscript" the madman tells little about her. He can't remember much how she looks, because he has forgotten many things. But he is certain she was young and fair, and well formed, because her ghost is one of the visions that crowd the gray stone cell where he is held. It is a ghost that simply stares and stares at him, for hours. It frightens him, he says, far worse than

some of the strange creatures of his mind that populate his kinsome cell. Gradually the poor girl, her heart broken, wastes away, and there comes a time when the madman realizes she will die. But he is afraid that she will bear a child to carry on his madness before she does die, and decides to kill her. He thought at first of burning down the house and offering a reward for the assassin who had caused his wife's death, and then watching while some poor innocent wretch was hanged for a crime he hadn't done. But the desire for blood got the better of him, and for several days he stropped his razor, needle sharp, visualizing as he did the spurt of red that would flow when he drew the blade across her throat.

When he finally had worked himself up to the pitch where he could wait no longer to kill his pretty young wife, the madman listened to "the old spirits who had been with me so often," and he strapped the razor in his hand, rose softly and leaned over his sleeping wife.

Her face was buried in her bosom," the madman wrote. "I withdrew them softly and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started; it was only a passing dream. I bent forward again. She screamed, and woke."

"One motion of my hand and she would never again have uttered cry or sound. But I was startled, and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine."

The frightened young wife, staring into the blazing eyes of the madman, they slipped for a second in the razor, and then she arose swiftly from the bed. She got as far as the door when the madman leaped after her and caught her. "The young woman screamed as she rushed through the house. She attempted to flee unconscious."

Then he dropped to the ground, and his next memory was of waking in the cold, gray cell where he wrote his memoirs.

Where the sunlight seldom comes, and the moon shines in, it says which only serve to show the dark shadows about me. "Those same rays, he wrote, revealed the strange ghastly figure of his wife standing before him, saying nothing, only staring at him with accusing eyes. "From the first shades of dusk till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the noise of my own chain, and watching my gambols on my straw bed."

There is indication of some kind of genius in a young man whose mind would suggest such a prank as urging his bride of a few hours to read that story in a darkened room. Any woman who likes that type of genius is welcome to him, Laura thinks, as she watches the front page to see what he will do next.

*...refreshing mildness
...better taste
all the way*



When smokers find out Chesterfields
give them **MORE PLEASURE**
... nothing else will do

Chesterfield Wins

Miscellaneous

Big Coronation

The People Who Didn't Go to the Royal Show Needn't Feel So Badly About It, Because Lots of Those Who Did Go Wish They Had Stayed at Home



The "Fantastic" Cocktail Wig Which Was Meant to Be Worn for the Coronation, but Landed Its Rival Designers in Court Before an Incredible Judge.

A GOOD many queer things happened at the Coronation, which are just beginning to be known. Some are funny, some are tragic and some are grim spectacles that made many of the visitors wish they had stayed at home.

Of course it rained; it always rains in London when any outdoor event of importance happens. Some of the mishaps and jokes afflicted persons of title and high position as well as the rabble of sightseers.

Lord Levesham was short of seats and he read an advertisement offering two Coronation seats for \$15—some were selling for \$100 or more. Quickly he mailed a check for the amount and two days later received a parcel containing two fifty-cent coupons. With a roar of rage he called up Scotland Yard and was told that no fraud had been committed because the coupons were "a perfectly true description of the goods offered."

Another distinguished member of the nobility, Lord Bearsted, has a bad remembrance of the day. Among the party gathered at his Londonish residence at Carlton Gardens was little 4-year-old Charman Hamilton-Russell with her nurse. In the excitement of the occasion little Charman in a way slipped through the door into the elevator shaft and fell 70 feet to her death. The child's father and mother at that moment were in an adjacent room at Westminster Abbey. Mr. Russell is the son and heir of Viscount Royston and nephew of the Earl of Harewood, and it was his part in the great coronation to carry the Princess Royal's coronet. When the shocking news reached him he and his wife rushed from the Abbey to the hospital where little Charman died soon after their arrival.

The urge to see the Coronation was strong on Mrs. Harry Crocker, of Detroit. The Crocker family was on relief and the local authorities were surprised when they heard that Mrs. Crocker had gone to Europe to see the new King crowned. Quite a lot of money had been paid out to the Crockers in relief checks to keep the wolf from the Crocker door, and yet by some magic Mrs. Crocker was able to finance this trip abroad.

The investigation, once started, uncovered a number of interesting things about the Crockers. Not only did the thirty wife of the man on relief have a house and four roomers, but she also earned quite a lot by going out and doing housework. In explaining things her husband happened to remark that they were both English, which pleased the ears of the immigration people so on Coronation day immigration agents arrested Crocker for crossing the Canadian border illegally. Mrs. Crocker was later taken to the Welfare Department got out a warrant on a charge of conspiracy to cheat relief money. The warrant also included Mrs. Crocker. So the unfortunate yen of Crocker's wife to see the King crowned has pretty thoroughly upset the family and the end of their troubles is not in sight yet.

To make sure that the Royal family and the guests who held tickets for the coronation at Westminster Abbey would be able to get to the church and get away again, the London police report out an area, ten miles square, inside this great space to buses, cars or private automobiles were permitted, except those that brought the guests. Then when the coronation was over the scheme for calling the cars for those 7,500 people in the Abbey broke down and many were kept waiting for hours.

Just at this time Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh's doctor decided that she had better be taken to a hospital without an instant's delay because the birth of the Lindbergh third child was imminent, that he had thought. But the road to the maternity hospital had been fenced off by the police as a wide detour had to be made with a narrow escape from what might have been a serious mishap.

The common people who lined the streets had come early before the police lines were drawn, and when they tried to go home after the Coronation it was raining and it was not a call to be had for miles.

London Spheres printed pictures of the unhappy Peers and Bishops standing in the rain waiting for their automobiles after the ceremonies at the Abbey. "Many of the guests who had been in the Abbey since six o'clock in the morning and had gone ten hours or more without a meal were jammed in the canvas tunnels at the exits were nearly stifled and officers had to draw their dress robes out of huts in the canvas walls to let in air," said the Spheres.

The queer antics of some of the American visitors astonished and amused the Londoners. But next to the Royal family, perhaps nobody attracted more interest than

Lorraine Manville of the American asbestos multimillionaire family, who is now Mrs. Cornelia Drexelburg and Mrs. T. P. Manville, her widowed mother. Lorraine and her mother converged on London from two different directions—the daughter with her Dutch husband had been honeymooning in Europe and she arrived from the Continent with fifty-two trunks, which her secretary called "a bit of baggage." Her mother arrived from the United States with two trunks containing jewelry, furs, gold plate and Coronation gowns. It took four hours for the customs officers to examine the stuff. Instead of coming to Southampton in the passenger tender, the widow Manville traveled in the mail tender, leaving the ship by a private gangway. But the thing that chiefly interested the British police was the statement that daughter Lorraine had imported thirty gallons of American water to use for washing her hair because the distance English water for this purpose, account of the chalk in it.

However, the Maharaja of Udaipur made Lorraine look like a piker because he brought great tanks of water from India's holy (and filthy) river, the Ganges, in a private ship. The same ship carried the staff of 100 persons that the Maharaja brought along. Like Lorraine the Maharaja uses the water for bathing purposes and drinks ordinary London tap-water, but another Indian Maharaja, the 25-year-old ruler of Jaipur, had to move camp outside London to get his drinking water. His people have enacted a law which makes it mandatory that no member of the ruling family of that Indian state can drink water that is passed through a metal pipe. So while the rest of the wealthy Indian potentates were living luxuriously in London's best hotels, this one had to take his entourage out into the suburbs of Surrey where he booked a hotel that had a well from which his royal highness could drink.

One Indian prince brought twenty-five polo ponies along with him, another brought his four private airplanes. But possibly the most absurd visitor to the Coronation was "Poppy," the 11-year-old parrot that belongs to the Maharaja of Nawanganar and made the long trip from India to London with his master. The Maharaja looks upon the ancient bird, which spends most of its time on his shoulder, as lucky and refused to leave it behind. The Rajah of Koenjah, a minor Indian potentate whose



More Than 9,500 Persons Were Hurt in the Four or Five Hours of the Coronation—More Casualties Than Happened in Many Historic Battles.

land is so wild that every man carries a hatchet strapped to his wrist, ready to defend himself at any time, brought the chief of his police force along with him to act as his bodyguard and protect him against the dangers of civilization.

In addition to the water difficulties, most of the Indian princes, who totaled forty some, had other problems. Many of them are Hindus, and their first act on moving into any quarters was to see that every bit of leather in the place tabooed by religion was removed. This included leather-covered chairs, blotter-covers, desks with leather corners and even books. And nearly all of them brought their own chefs along to be certain that they got the kind of food ordained by their religion.

From all parts of the world came the native rulers from the British colonies and some of their courtiers were worthy of comic opera comedians. King Ewe III of Barotseland, a small colony in Africa, wore a thirty-year-old British admiral's uniform that the new British King's grandfather, Edward VII, had given Ewe a father more than a quarter of a century ago. For some reason it pleased the dusky potentate to carry in his hands an elaborately carved ivory-handled fly-swatter as his emblem of royalty.

At the grand garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland to entertain these strange royal visitors from the jungle were many who sat down to caviar and aqua but so many years ago had feared on a sea fat mission. The Black Akaka of Abesolia, Africa, went in to luncheon with Lady Chatterleigh, but whatever she may have been thinking about her big husky escort the obnoxious cannibal feast in his country the topic did not come up for discussion.

Millions of yards of cloth went into the buying and the selling of the Coronation day. Thousands of hats were purchased and the shoe stores did a fantastic business. With all this commerce it was natural that a few disputes should arise. The London tradesmen, and in the event, the would call "Coronation wigs," one of which is shown on this page. One designer charged another with having stolen the idea for the wigs from him, and dragged the offender into court.

The queer wigs were placed on the heads of dummies and an amazed English judge stared at them. "Do you really mean," the judge inquired after a silence, "that those things were seriously designed to be worn by living women?"

The designer assured the judge that they were, and pointed out that the chicken wig was a cocktail hat. The judge took another look and remarked that it seemed a most inopportune affair as only one glass was provided.

The British Broadcasting Company made a couple of ludicrous blunders during its elaborate Coronation program that drew chuckles from millions of listeners all over the world. Perhaps the strangest of these was the suddenly terminated broadcast of the spectacular night maneuvers of the assembled battleships of the world powers at Spithead. Listeners heard the commentator say:

"The whole fleet is lit up—by lights. Like a fairy-land the ships are covered by fairy lights. Even the destroyers are lit up and the big ships are lit up." There was a pause while the public waited for more about these "lit up ships." The commentator then came back on the air. "It's all right," he assured the listeners. "I was just telling the people around me to keep their damned mouths shut." There was another second of silence, and then the commentator burst out with:

"Now there is no fleet at all! No damned fleet at all! Damn me!"

At this point the surprising broadcast was terminated by officials of the broadcasting company who switched the program at the end of four minutes of its fifteen-minute scheduled time to a London hotel dance band. Within twenty-four hours a cigarette manufacturer in London had huge electric advertising signs which flashed its name to the Coronation crowd that.

"The fleet's lit up." And on the evening of the Coronation, while soft music from a local band was pouring over the airways some unidentified joker stopped close to the microphone and shouted:

"You're the fleet, lit up!"

But that was not the only headache the British Broadcasting Company, which is a government institution, had. Thomas Webb, a young Irishman, and his best girl were strolling around the grounds of Buckingham Palace during a glimpse of the King and Queen. Rain began to fall and they stepped into a glass booth which was empty except for two chairs, a microphone and a telephone. Pretty soon a thick-set gentleman with large feet stuck his head in and said:

"You're the R. B. C. man?" Webb nodded and the man said: "Okay, I'm from Scotland Yard, call if you need anything."

Pretty soon the telephone rang and Webb was told that he would be on the air in a few minutes. "Give them everything you've got," the voice instructed him. "And if the King and Queen should come out while you're talking, keep it up no matter how long they stay out. The rest of the program can go hang in that case."

Again the phone rang and this time announced that in three minutes he was to begin talking into the microphone. Then a red light flashed and the young man rose to the occasion and said something about the palace being an idol worshipped by the crowds as the symbol of the strength of the empire. But after that he was stumped. He stammered and stammered and stammered like a

beaver organism that stung its tail in the Coronation scheme, despite months of planning, was the British moving picture industry. Last October the newsreel men started to make plans for the filming of one of the outstanding pageants of modern history. There must be, they decided, no possibility of a slip, and the cameramen and technical experts in the business were called together to confer on the subject. Thousands of dollars were spent before the cameramen ever turned a crank.

Two days after the Coronation, London movie houses had only a skeletony tentative move of the affair and it was two weeks after the event before the full and magnificent coronation procession in English theatres. Better seats were available in this country.

The fault for this blunder lay with the distributors. The cameramen had got their photographs, some of them in color. But the distributors decided there wouldn't be such a tremendous demand for the reels and they failed to place their orders until it was too late for a swamped



In London It Seems Always to Rain on All Important Outdoor Occasions, and This Photograph Shows the Coronation Crowd and Their Umbrellas Making the Best of It.

production staff to keep up with its work.

The telephone company came in for a share of criticism for the confusion that resulted when they attempted to wake up 10,000 London customers in the early morning hours in obedience to orders placed by those customers. Ordinarily the company handles a few hundred of this type of calls a day, and the unusual jump in business caught them a bit flat-footed. As a result, some of the customers weren't called at all. In some cases the call reached a maid who had not been instructed by her master to wake him, and indignantly refused to call him at such an unusual hour. A few wrong numbers were called. In all in all there were quite a number of the 10,000 who slept peacefully on through the early and important hours, secure in their belief that the telephone people would rouse them in time to



Right Out of Darkened Africa, the Black Akaka of Abesolia at the Duchess of Sutherland's Garden Party. Lady Chatterleigh, His Luncheon Partner, Found His Table Manners Gave No Hint of Cannibal Ancestry.

breakfast, dress and get to their seats before the crowds blocked the way.

Another mishap, at least to a few British mirror firms, was the discovery that the Germans had beaten them to it. The English companies had planned fine, well-made mirrors with the English Royal Crest and the flag on it. But the mirrors were so late in getting on the market that soldiers had sold a million cheap mirrors, stamped "made in Germany." To cap the insult, the British flag on the back was upside down.

Immense lawsuits have arisen from Coronation complications. One cause of these legal disputes is the contracts that were made when tradesmen and manufacturers supposed the Duke of Windsor was the person who was going to be crowned. Last year large orders were placed for an infinite variety of articles "for the Coronation" without any stipulation or mention of the King who was then reigning. Before Windsor's abdication a large part of the orders had already been executed—mugs, busting, ribbon and all sorts of novelties bearing the portrait of King Edward VIII. The manufacturers still have warehouses filled with these useless things and the courts will have to decide what to do about them. Besides the suits in the civil courts the police courts had to deal with many cases of pickpockets and stolen Coronation tickets.

Another amusing litigation arose from the fact that the loss of Lord Sempill's kill and sprout. The Scotch nobleman literally lost his pants on the Coronation when a thief stole the suitcase that contained the big Scotchman's ceremonial outfit. It won't be a lot of use to the cockney who stole it, but at least he has a fine outfit for the next fancy dress party he attends.

There were a few too, who thought it a shame that the King's Coronation coach should be drawn by brewery horses, but most people were too busy drinking beer to the King's health to worry about this. The temperance people scowled and grumbled.

One other real misfortune unavoidable when so huge a crowd is gathered together, was the astonishing number of casualties treated by the ambulance corps. Over 9,500 casualties, more than have been produced in many great battles, were dealt with by the ambulance men, of whom 7,000 were on active duty. Most of the cases were of those who fainted in the crush and who were revived, but 164 persons were seriously injured and removed to hospitals.

Several days before the Coronation, and on Coronation day when the hectic bustle and confusion was at its height, a crop of practical jokes sprang up, apparently working under the impression that people were so excited they would fall for tricks that otherwise might have failed. Many a London wine firm sent vans of expensive liquors to the homes of non-associating customers. Thousands of yards of the gay bunting which so soon faded and dripped under the rain were sent to people who hadn't ordered them. But particularly hard hit were the undertakers. Dozens of calls were received by undertakers asking them to go to a certain address, look over the corpse and plan a funeral. "Don't worry," the undertakers were told, "the coronation has arrived the 'corpse' was very alive and peaceful."

The work of cleaning up after the coronation was no joke. Twenty thousand regular police, and 10,000 special constables, had been required to handle the crowds that swelled the route along which the procession passed. And it took a similar array of street sweepers to clean up London after the big party.

As ever, cheap flags whose colors ran in the rain until they were unrecognizable, soggy, shabby bunting that came loose and dropped to the streets, paper bags bulging with refuse, and everything appropriate to such a day and some things not were dropped into the streets by the crowd when it broke up to slink its way home.

In Westminster Abbey they found innumerable gloves, scarves, coats and gloves, left by the distinguished guests. Besides these were a goodly number of pairs of shoes, three pairs of field glasses, a number of medals and decorations, a dozen pair of spectacles, a sword belt, and an endless number of fags. One Peersman and the Belgian maid of Queen Elizabeth; a Peer left his coronet in the Abbey, and a considerable number of empty liquor flasks were found.



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Matrimonial Complications of Opera Stars

Unexpectedly Called to Play Unwilling Roles in Court With No Time for Rehearsals Nor Opportunity to Dress for Their Parts



Mrs. Elizabeth Ruthberg, Attorney for the Plaintiff, Mrs. Pinza, Who Was Sued by the Well-Known Metropolitan Basso, Who Was Sued by a San Francisco Belle for \$200,000 for Refusing to Marry Her.



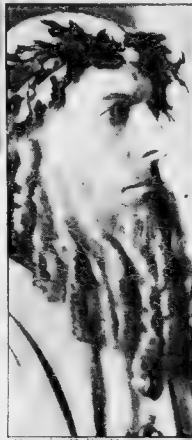
Carlo Pinza, Musical Director of the San Francisco Opera Company, Who Filed a Suit for Divorce Against His Wife, Mrs. Pinza, and Is Being Sued by Her With a Divorce Suit on Her Own Account.



Mrs. Elna Pinza, Wife of the Well-Known Metropolitan Basso, Who Was Sued by a San Francisco Belle for \$200,000 for Refusing to Marry Her.



Mrs. Elizabeth Ruthberg, Attorney for the Plaintiff, Mrs. Pinza, Who Was Sued by the Well-Known Metropolitan Basso, Who Was Sued by a San Francisco Belle for \$200,000 for Refusing to Marry Her.



signor Pinza in His Costume in "Norma" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.



Los Angeles With the Child She Says, Mrs. Thomas, the Baritone, Has Admitted He Is the Father Of

The matrimonial complications of opera stars have become a subject of public interest, and the recent divorce suits of Mrs. Pinza and Mrs. Thomas have attracted considerable attention. The story of Mrs. Pinza's suit against her husband, Carlo Pinza, and her subsequent suit for divorce, is a tale of love, money, and legal maneuvering. Mrs. Pinza, a well-known Metropolitan Basso, was sued by a San Francisco Belle for \$200,000 for refusing to marry her. The case was heard in the San Francisco Superior Court, and the judge, James G. Connelley, ruled in favor of Mrs. Pinza, granting her a divorce. The case was a landmark one, as it was the first time a woman had won a large sum of money in a divorce suit. The story of Mrs. Thomas's suit against her husband, a baritone, is also a tale of love and money. Mrs. Thomas, who is now in Los Angeles, has admitted that she is the mother of a child born to her husband. The case is currently pending in the Los Angeles Superior Court. The story of these two cases is a testament to the power of money and the complexities of marriage in the world of opera.

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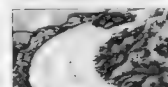
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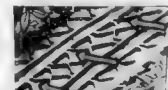
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Each Nearly Drove Her
Crazy Until All
Three
Came
Together



Mrs. H. W. W. ... Helen ...



At Last Helen's New Husband Decided to Find Out What Was ...

"T



The Strange True ... Helen ...



A More Cheerful ... Helen ...



... Helen ...

... Helen ...

... Helen ...

... Helen ...

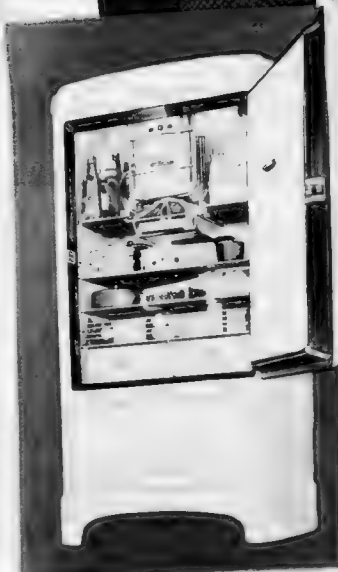
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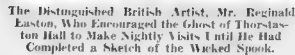
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THE RT HON VISCOUNT HALIFAX, I
present British Government and formerly



Mr. Heston said that he was not particularly concerned with the question of whether or not the room was a part of the apartment which was being given him, and naturally he put a rather unfavorable construction on them, thinking that possibly the room might be

"If ever there was a ghost, that is Mr. Easton to himself.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Cobb, "we will go to the room if we can avoid doing so. I am sure we are terrified by the apparition of a ghost."

*A full statement of all the circumstances by
Mrs. Ricketts.*

TO my dear children I address the following relation. Anxious that the truths which I so faithfully have delivered, shall be as faithfully transmitted to posterity, and to my own in particular, I determined to commit them to writing, and to leave them to their children, with the consideration, entreating them to bear in mind the peculiar mercy of Providence in preserving them from all afflict and terror during the series of wonderful disturbances that surround them.

To the almighty and unerring judgment of Heaven I do and dare appeal, and leave to the best of my memory and comprehension, of what I here relate, Mary Ricketts.

[illegible]

She was much concerned and disturbed, yet sure she could nowadays be deceived, the light being sufficient to distinguish any object clearly. When some time afterwards her story was mentioned to me, I treated it as the effect of superstition, to which the lower class of people are prone, and it was naturally blotted from my mind. I tried to strengthen my impressions by going to the theatre, but other pleasures over-

In the Autumn of the same year George Turlet, said to be "addict," who was then groom

[illegible]

In February, 1770 two of my servants left and were not seen. A little later my butler also disappeared. I tried another man to succeed him. During these six years that I was at Hinton I had no more than five servants so that at the time of the trial I had no one of those who had accompanied the king who was still in my service. I mention this fact to show the improbability of a conspiracy among them.

On November 19, 1964, I did not hear any of the three voices. I only took my attention to the N. voice. In the year when I was working in the H. house, I felt I heard two voices in the house, and on one night I heard three distinct and violent

On the morning of the 27th of February Elizabeth Godin, my maid, came into my room and inquired of her about the woman who had been in the house. She replied in a very faint voice, I asked her who she was. She said she was well, but had been so terrified as during the preceding night she had heard the most dismal cries coming from the chimney and she could discover nothing. There was bright moonlight and she had paid attention to her account, but it occurred to her she would be afraid to sleep in the house and she had come to my room. She said that no one else would tell her what she saw. She was occupied by Mrs. Parfay, the old housekeeper, had died a few days before at Timilton and had been buried in Hinton Churchyard that morning.

Five weeks later, on the 2nd of April 1941, between one and two o'clock, as I found I was, which was on a table close by my bed, I lay thoroughly awake for some time, and heard footsteps coming to the door of my bedroom. I got out of bed, and listened for the space of twenty minutes, during a distinctly heard the walking and in which I heard as though someone were pushing against the door. I heard the door open, and I determined to ring my bell, but did not do so, because I did not wish to let the lady maid who was very fond of me, Elizabeth, who was sleeping in the room with my sister, know that I was awake. I lay in bed. Suddenly I felt that there was a lobby. I asked her, before I opened my door,

be seen, nor, when the others joined them, did either of us
search the hall in passing, go to the door, or look at the
table, as resembling the wall, or the
hall, etc.

They had given up the search of
talking to the Hawaiian and we
lost M. S. R. who was the

The story was furnished by Sir George Sittell himself, with the addition of a note by his wife, Lady Ida Sittell.

$$\lambda_1 = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\alpha} + \frac{1}{\beta} \right) \quad \lambda_2 = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\alpha} - \frac{1}{\beta} \right) \quad \lambda_3 = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\alpha} + \frac{1}{\beta} \right) \quad \lambda_4 = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\alpha} - \frac{1}{\beta} \right)$$
[illegible]

There was nothing
Lady I have
and then the name of the
The name of the
but no one was

Renishaw Hall, Chesterfield, the Home of the well known
appeared to be Ida Sp...

Sketched by an Artist

nd Groans at Hinton Ampner Mansion

appeared to Lady Ida Sitwell

... I saw anything but afterwards she saw what she had seen. In the full light of day below within twenty feet of her, and above the door of the old ghost room used until I removed it and put the present one in its place, she saw the figure of a lady.



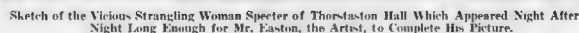
On the second night he lay down in bed, watching the night by his side, determined to kill her.

But the next day he conducted her to the city prison. She must, he thought, suffer the same shock when he told her the news. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Will you allow me to tell you that I shall then convince you of the truth of it."

But at that moment the old woman vanished as before.

Mr. Roderick persevered with his portrait of the mighty appearance of the murderer enabling a thoughtful man to produce a fair resemblance with the solemnly declared to me he had seen only once or twice during which he had seemed troubled from

my father's portrait. My copy is in the Hallway's ghost book.



astonishment. I heard a most loud, deep and tremendous noise, which seemed to rush and fall with great velocity and force on the lobby floor adjoining my room. I started up and called to Godin: "Good God! Do you hear that noise?" "Yes," he answered, "it is the noise of the great question she answered in a faltering voice that she was so frightened she scarcely dared to speak. At that instant we heard a shrill and dreadful shriek, apparently proceeding from under the spot from which she had just arisen. It was a shriek of agony, three or four times, growing fainter as it seemed to descend, until it sank into the earth. Hannah Streeter, who was sleeping in the room with my children, heard the same noises, which so appalled her, that she lay for two hours almost deprived of senses."

*Noises Worse Than Ever.
When an Investigation Was Made.*

Having heard little of the earlier noises, she had rashly expressed a wish to hear more and from that moment until she quitted the house there was scarcely a night when she did not hear the sound of someone walking towards her door and pushing against it as though attempting to force it open.

So dreadful was this last experience that I determined to unburden myself of the whole story to my brother on his return to Hinton. The frequency of the noises, the disturbances to my rest, and the necessity of often getting up at unreasonable hours gave me a fever and a deep cough, but though my health was much impaired my resolution remained firm.

When I was waiting for my brother's arrival, which was delayed through his being detained at Portsmouth a week longer than he had foreseen, it occurred to me to endeavor by changing my apartment, to obtain a little rest. Accordingly, I moved to the room formerly occupied by Elizabeth Godin. I did not mention my intention of doing so until late at night, when the room was got ready for me. I went to bed and had scarcely lain down when the same noises that I have described began again. I mentioned the circumstance that I had changed rooms, and the noise ceased. I had now no doubt that it would have been for the plan to be suddenly conveyed by any human agent to another part of the house.

In the following week my brother arrived. Anxious though I was to tell him my story, I forbore until the next morning, wishing him to enjoy a night's rest. I had told him, however, that he must be prepared to hear on the morrow the most astonishing tale which would demand all his trust

In the morning I began my story, to which he listened with wonder and surprise. Just as I was finishing, Captain Luttrell, our neighbor at Kilmarnock, came and called on me, and I had to interrupt the whole story to him. He then in a very friendly manner offered to join in our investigations. We agreed that he should come late in the evening and divide the night watch with my brother, keeping our intention profoundly secret. During the time of his watch he was to look for the very friendly man made a thorough search of the whole house and particularly of the rooms on the first floor and the attics. They examined every possible hiding-place and saw that every thing was in order, and that no one was leading to the rooms occupied by the family.

That night he went to bed in the room over the servants' hall. Captain Luttrell and Bolton sat up, with arms, in the Chintz Room adjoining. I was sleeping in Elizabeth Godin's room and the children were in the nursery, so that every chamber on that floor was occupied. I bolted and locked the door leading from the back stairs, so that there was no entrance except through the room in which Captain Luttrell was keeping watch.

As soon as I had lain down I heard a rustling as though someone were close to the door. I told Elizabeth Godin to listen and if the noise continued to go and tell Captain Luttrell. She did so and instantly he threw open his door and spoke to us.

I must now give his account as he related it to my brother and myself next morning.

He declared that he had heard footsteps of a

person walking across the lobby. He had instantly thrown the door open and called out, "Who goes there?" Something flitted past him and my brother cried, "Look against the door." My brother was awake and had heard Captain Luttrell's challenge, as well as the noise. He rose and joined the other. To their astonishment they continued to hear various noises, but, although they examined everything everywhere they could see nothing and found the staircase door fast secured

As I had left it. My brother and Bolton then went upstairs, where they found the servants in their rooms and all doors closed. All three men at once together until daybreak, when my brother returned.

About that time, as I imagined, I heard the Chintz Room door opened and slammed with the utmost violence, and a moment later the hall door opened and shut in the same manner. I thought that my brother must have done this and mentioned to Godin my surprise that he who was attentive not to hear the door shut, should have behaved so noisily. An hour later the front door again opened and slammed in the same way, so as to shake the house. No one was yet up, but about half an hour afterwards I heard the servants rise and go downstairs. At breakfast I remarked upon this, and my brother had made was the door. Mr. Littleton replied

"I assure you, Jervis made not the least noise; it was your door and the next which I heard opened and slammed in the way you described."

**House Was at Length
Declared Unfit for Human Occupation.**

My brother had not heard any of the doors opened or shut, but told me that when he had gone to bed and Captain Luttrell and I were sitting below, he had heard dreadful groans and various noises, for which he was unable to account. His servant was at that time below with the staff.

Caplain Luttrell insisted that the disturbances of the night were such as to make the house an unsafe residence for any human being. My brother agreed, although more guarded in his language. Mr. Sams was angry, we decided to send an express to Mr. Sams, and he brought the worst, asking him to hurry over immediately on the urgent matter, with the nature of which he would make acquaintance on arrival. Unluckily Mr. Sams came as a confederate with the goat, and sent over his clerk, a youth of fifteen to whom we thought it useless and improper to divulge the circumstances.

My brother sat up every night during the week

(Continued on Page 24)

VIBRO
AUTOMATIC SHAVES

The Razor That Winds Like a Clock!

OPERATES WITHOUT ELECTRICITY

- 1 RAZOR HEAD
- 2 WINDING KEY
- 3 RELEASE BUTTON

The Philadelphia Whodunnit

A Short Novel of a Wealthy Playboy Adventurer Who Turns Detective and Solves a Baffling Murder Mystery.

CHAPTER I

Part of Murder

THE PHILADELPHIA WHODUNNIT was a short novel of a wealthy playboy adventurer who turns detective and solves a baffling murder mystery. It was the first of a series of short novels by the author, who is a well-known writer of detective stories.



The mystery took place in the city of Philadelphia. The three men were the detective and his two assistants, who were solving the murder of a famous man.

Make your skin look like silk with **Tarkool Beauty Mask**. A quick-drying facial mask instantly **Refreshes the Skin**. Takes only fifteen minutes, costs less than seven cents each application. Try it.

choose **MERCOURIZED WAX**



to **BEAUTIFY SKIN**

Use **Sarolite Astringent**. A delightfully refreshing astringent. Tinting, antiseptic, helpful. Brings radiance to one-half pint with hazel. **Phelacine Depilatory**. TAKES off unwanted hair from face. Quick, easy to use. Try it. At all drug and department stores.

CORIS

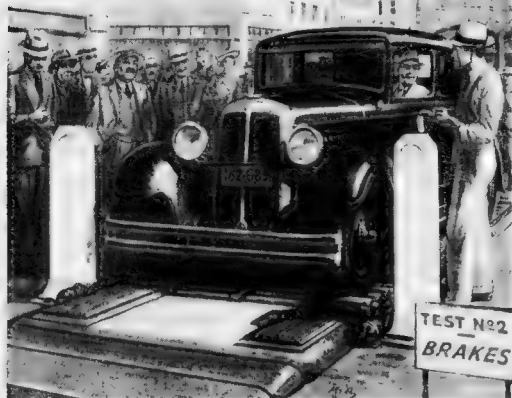
Instant Relief with CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS
AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Why Pay More...

CRO-PAX *Cro-Pax*
6 WATERPROOF PADS WITH 10¢
4 MEDICATED DISCS

CRO-PAX PRODUCTS • CLEVELAND, OHIO

Car Testing Reduces Accidents



LAST year in the course of 21,000 car pullover inspections made by the De Moines Municipal Testing Station more than half the cars were found defective when first examined. Some 900 cars were brought back for a second inspection—presumably they were poked. De Moines, partly because of its activity in traffic deaths over 14 per cent during 1936.

Some communities provide facilities which enable drivers to have their cars checked regularly. Has your

community adopted a car inspection plan for preventing accidents?

Mechanically unsound cars are a menace to all who use our highways. Frequent testing of brakes, steering mechanisms, lights and other parts makes driving safer and more enjoyable.

The Metropolitan booklet, How to Promote Community Safety, tells a number of other ways in which you and your neighbors can help make your community safer. Use the coupon to get your copy.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SAFETY MOVEMENT

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Frederick H. Ecker, Chairman of the Board
100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.
James A. Egan, President

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____

Summer-Dulled Hair Becomes Radiant With This Thrilling Shampoo



NOT SOAP—NOT OIL.
It rid's hair shafts of beauty-clouding perspiration and dust... makes highlights dance and sparkle

**HOT WEATHER
BLOW-OUT
WARNING**

BLOW-OUTS TAKE NO HOLIDAY!

**DON'T LET A BLOW-OUT RUIN
YOUR HOLIDAY TRIP!**

Every summer hundreds of trips are ruined by a lack of vacation are spoiled, who blame? It's a lack of control. Goodrich engineers have a remedy for the trouble of American motorists with real blow-out protection.



**HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY**

Only Silvertowns Give You Golden Ply Blow-out Protection!

• Don't forget that at today's high speeds you can't be too sure about the condition of your tires. When the speedometer hits 30-40-50 mile after mile terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Unless you're protected—unless your tires can stand the "gulf"—this internal heat may, sooner or later, lead to a dangerous BLOW-OUT.

To keep you and your family off the accident list—to provide you with *real* blow-out protection every time you get behind the wheel—every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown is built with the Life Saver Golden Ply—a layer of special rubber and fuid floating cords

scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. With this tested, scientific protection *inside* your tires the great unseen cause of high speed blow-outs is "licked."

Keep Danger a Stranger

Before you hear that ear-splitting, nerve-shattering BANG!—before it's too late—say to your Goodrich dealer, "Put a set of those tires with the Golden Ply on my car." The sooner the safer. And don't forget, these Golden Ply Silvertowns that may save your life—that will give you months of extra mileage in the bargain, actually cost less than other super quality tires!

**HOLIDAY SPECIALS
THAT SHOUT
THRIFT-
SAFETY!**

**POLISH
AND CLEANER**
6-OZ CAN
33¢

**CHEMICALLY TREATED
POLISHING
CLOTH**
ONLY
37¢
EACH

LUSTRE WAX
ONLY
48¢
8-OZ CAN

GOODBYE FLAT TIRES!
Save the summer expense of a flat—use Goodrich Seal-O-Matic tube. This amazing tube seals itself in seconds. No need for a pump or patch. Goodrich Seal-O-Matic tube.

**GOODRICH INVADERS
LOW-PRICED FIELD!**

2 GENUINE GOODRICH
COMMANDERS
\$11.10⁰⁰
for only

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

DEER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF PARIS

Both FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

ZIP
DEPLIATORY
CREAM

Eliminates Every
Trace of Hair

ZIP
CREAM
DEODORANT

STOPS Perspiration
Deodorizes

Zip!

Now, one combination gives you two advantages of both the preparations
before. It deodorizes, removes visible and invisible hair in 100% in Moisture Residue. 100% Satisfaction. N.Y.

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of the American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

ROMANCE always hovers
about a lovely skin!



Keep up your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with this
COVERED CUP

patterned on
natural skin oils

[illegible]

INGRAM'S

MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

(Continued from Page 15)

(Continued from Page 35)

No that was wrong.
He said it was a long time
ago that he saw her.
He said it was a long time
ago that he saw her.

[illegible]

W

Amateur Girl Detective Smashes Reno's Dope Ring

6. *Confidence interval for θ_{max}* $\hat{\theta}_{\text{max}}$ $\pm$ $z_{\alpha/2}$ $\sqrt{\hat{\sigma}^2_{\text{max}}}$

The Platinum Watch

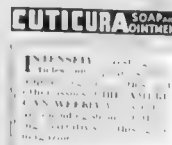
[illegible]

OUT COMES THE CORN

New Triple-Action Method Instantly Relieves Pain—Safely Removes Corns—Prevents Their Return

[illegible]

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



NOW \$1.00 FOR ANY OLD IRON

NO MATTER HOW HEAVY, SLOW,
UNSAFE OR HARD TO USE

ON THE PURCHASE
OF A **NEW** LIGHTER
FASTER...THRIFTIER...

Westinghouse
Adjust-o-matic

When you buy a new Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic iron, you get a new iron for the price of an old one. This is the only iron that has a built-in cooler. This cooler heat is sent down into the ironing surface, so the ironing surface is always at the right temperature. This is the only iron that has a built-in cooler. This cooler heat is sent down into the ironing surface, so the ironing surface is always at the right temperature.



ULTRAMODERN
ADJUST-O-MATIC

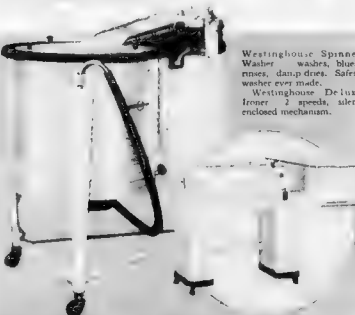
100°
Cooler
TOP AND HANDLE

YOUR HEAVY Westinghouse
IRON IS HEAVY!

STANDARD
ADJUST-O-MATIC

THE GREAT IRON SALES EVENT OF 1937

Westinghouse
LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT
NEW BARGAINS IN EASE AND FREEDOM



Westinghouse Spinner
Washer - waders, blouses,
rings, damp-dress. Safest
washer ever made.
Westinghouse Deluxe
Ironer - 2 speeds, silent
enclosed mechanism.

THE KITCHEN IS WHERE YOU USE IT...

THE
KITCHEN
IS WHERE WE
prove it!



Westinghouse
kitchen-proved
REFRIGERATORS



IT'S 10-YEAR ECONOMY THAT COUNTS!



The original ter-
rangular roaster
with the ONLY
multi-purpose
Broiler-Grid.

TRY THIS

for a week -

...cook every thing in the Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic Electric Roaster,
an all-purpose electric oven in 2 feet of space.
Easiest and most convenient method of cooking, and HOW DELICIOUS
EVERYTHING TASTES!



Roasts • Bakes • Stews
Broils • Grills • Fries

Juicy roasts, done to a turn - perfectly
browned meat loaf - broiled breasts,
cookers, pork chops - baked beans - pot
roasts - complete oven dinners! etc., etc.
These and countless other dishes at their
tempting best, and cooked the clean
cool convenient way.

DELICIOUS STEAKS AND CHOPS
The Broiler-Grid turns out perfectly grilled steaks and chops - toasted
sandwiches - fried potatoes, fruits, vegetables.

USE THIS Roaster and Broiler-Grid in your own home for a week -
FREE!



Oven Glass -
3 dishes



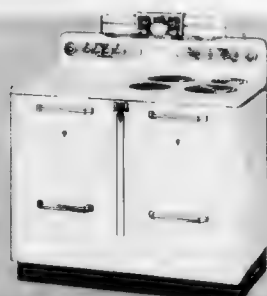
Aluminum -
4 dishes

SEE YOUR DEALER TODAY

TRY THIS Westinghouse
Adjust-o-matic ELECTRIC ROASTER
IN YOUR HOME FOR A WEEK - FREE!

Westinghouse
ELECTRIC RANGES
Cleaner than any other Cooking Machine

1. It is the only range with a built-in broiler.
2. It is the only range with a built-in oven.
3. It is the only range with a built-in grill.
4. It is the only range with a built-in fryer.
5. It is the only range with a built-in steamer.
6. It is the only range with a built-in roaster.
7. It is the only range with a built-in baker.
8. It is the only range with a built-in warmer.
9. It is the only range with a built-in defroster.
10. It is the only range with a built-in timer.



EVERY
HOUSE
NEEDS

Westinghouse

Continued from Page 39:

The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the second part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is constructed. In the third part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the fourth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the fifth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the sixth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the seventh part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the eighth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the ninth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the tenth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solution is used to construct the asymptotic expansion of the solution of the problem (1.1)–(1.3) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$.

[illegible]
$$M(\alpha_0) = \begin{pmatrix} 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 \end{pmatrix}$$
[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER 11.

MARY MADISON.

The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the complexity is not only in the system itself, but also in the way it is used. The system is a complex system, and the complexity is not only in the system itself, but also in the way it is used.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Year	Male	Female	Total
1980	100	100	200
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1982	100	100	200
1983	100	100	200
1984	100	100	200
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2067	100	100	200
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2069	100	100	200
2070	100	100	200
2071	100	100	200



VACATION

LET'S LEAVE THIS
WORK AND TOIL BEHIND
A PLACE FOR REST
AND PLAY WE'LL FIND

AND REPAIRS
WILL SPOIL

OUR SECRET?
SIMPLE, SOUND AND TRUE
GET PENNOLD AND YOU'LL KNOW IT

continued on Page 460

SALVATION!

OUR MOTTO WISE
ON THIS VACATION

ECONOMIZE ON
TRANSPORTATION



BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100 Pennzoil

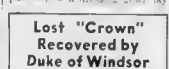
PENNZOIL

A black and white photograph showing a hand holding a glass of beer. The glass is filled with a dark liquid and has a very thick, white head of foam that is overflowing from the top. The hand is visible from the wrist up, holding the glass by the handle. The background is dark and out of focus.



... SO MUCH
MORE FLAVOR
WHEN YOU SAY - **PABST**

Pabst is every man's congenial companion. Millions the country over want cool, sparkling refreshment have learned to depend on Pabst—beer brimming over with purity, wholesomeness and fine flavor. For ninety-three summers Pabst has been the cooling, pleasant oasis in the daily lives of millions. Include Pabst with your meals—with your pleasures—with your work... you will always enjoy its fine companionship.



The Truth About Soap Shampoos



Fitch's Dandruff
Remover
Shampoo

HOME LIFE OF A CARRIER★



GET RID OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

THOSE who spread Athlete's Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people in America today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread barefoot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bath houses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don't be a carrier! The moment you suspect Athlete's Foot, douse your toes and feet with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Relief from itching is speedy.

Red skin brands the carrier

Why not play safe and examine the skin between your toes tonight? Is it red, irritated, does it itch? Then the more prompt you are with Absorbine Jr., the better off you are.

Otherwise, more serious trouble may follow, because the origin of Athlete's Foot digs its way deeper and deeper into the skin—causing it to turn unwholesomely white and

moist, to peel and crack open and often become painfully raw.

Absorbine Jr. destroys the fungus

Even at such advanced stages of Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. relieves the condition and helps to soothe and heal the damaged tissues. If, however, you feel your case is really serious, by all means consult your doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

When you buy, insist upon genuine Absorbine Jr. and accept no imitations offered as being "just as good." This famous remedy has been tested and proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it.

Absorbine Jr. is economical to use—it takes so little to bring relief. All druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 397 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

* "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it. Athlete's Foot, at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.



Soothe that SUNBURN
with cooling, greaseless **ABSORBINE JR.**

Take a cooling bath. Absorbine Jr. bestows its friendly, soothing benefits on sun-reddened skins that cry for relief. Just put it on burning shoulders, scarlet noses, reddened faces, aching arms, legs, all over. Feel the burning fade away, notice how cool and refreshed you feel like stepping out of the blistering sun into a pine grove at dusk. And there's no grease—no unsightly stickiness to creep through thin underwear and leave no trace of anything but a mild, soothing odor which soon disappears and

leaves just welcome comfort. **A Glorious Day Outdoors And No Regrets** Why don't you always keep the familiar Absorbine Jr. bottle on hand? At home, at your work, and retreat. Pack it in your weekend kit. Never be without it. It's summer's Number 1 necessity for comfortable vacationing and week-ending. Ask for Absorbine Jr. at ANY druggist's, and accept no substitute—for there is NO real substitute. Also wonderful for the bites of insects, such as mosquitoes and jiggers.



ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and SUNBURN

SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE NOW

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 397 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts
I want to try Absorbine Jr. Please mail sample to

NAME	_____
ADDRESS	_____
CITY	_____
STATE	_____

Please print name and address

Fill in the coupon and it to us, and we will be very happy to send you free this sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. We give thousands away every year because we know that once you try this wonderful remedy, you will become a lifetime brand. You will use it as a moment for muscular aches and pains as well as for Athlete's Foot and sunburn. We also know that folks who use a sample bottle are soon recommending it most highly to family and others for various uses.

Lord Halifax's Remarkable Ghost Book

Continued from Double Page

...the first of the series, which was published in 1911, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the second of the series, which was published in 1912, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the third of the series, which was published in 1913, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the fourth of the series, which was published in 1914, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the fifth of the series, which was published in 1915, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".



**EMBARRASSMENT?
I NEVER THINK OF IT...
WHEN I USE
AMOLIN!**

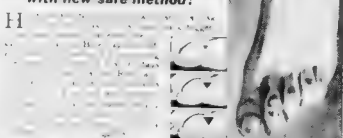
DOES THE FEAR of offending hurt you in dress and toilet? Do you know that Amolin has the answer? Wear it on your dressing robe, not on your face. Amolin is a deodorizing powder, not a cosmetic. It is a powder that is used on the face, not on the face. It is a powder that is used on the face, not on the face.

HAVE YOU TRIED OUR CREAM?

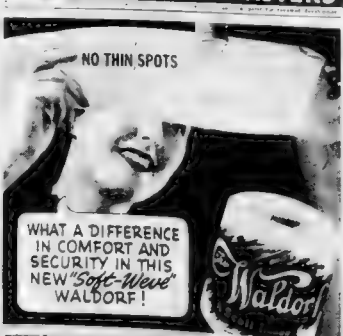
Amolin Cream is a cream that is used on the face, not on the face. It is a cream that is used on the face, not on the face. It is a cream that is used on the face, not on the face.

Amolin
DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

**Yes, young lady,
CORNS COME
BACK BIGGER, UGLIER**
unless removed Root® and All
with new safe method!



BLUE-JAY
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS



NO THIN SPOTS
WHAT A DIFFERENCE
IN COMFORT AND
SECURITY IN THIS
NEW "Soft-Weave"
WALDORF!

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and an every specialty in every field.

Their Tiny Light Kept Life Aglow



**Entombed 11 Days in
Moose River Mine,
Scedding Now Tells
How Pair Survived**

...the first of the series, which was published in 1911, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

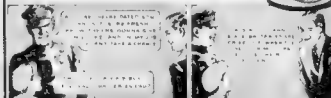
...the second of the series, which was published in 1912, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the third of the series, which was published in 1913, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the fourth of the series, which was published in 1914, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the fifth of the series, which was published in 1915, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

**"EVEREADY"
BATTERIES
ARE FRESH
BATTERIES**
The Dole-Line
Guarantees Freshness



**EVEN YOUR
BEST FRIEND
WON'T TELL YOU**

...the first of the series, which was published in 1911, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

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...the sixth of the series, which was published in 1916, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the seventh of the series, which was published in 1917, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the eighth of the series, which was published in 1918, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

...the ninth of the series, which was published in 1919, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

LISTERINE
CHECKS HALITOSIS
BAD BREATH



...the first of the series, which was published in 1911, was a collection of stories which had been written by Lord Halifax himself. The book was a success, and it was followed by two more volumes in the series, "The Ghost Book" and "The Ghost Book II".

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Grapefruit *Wild Cherry* *Dry*

**"THIS SUMMER, TONY, I'M SAYING TO
AMERICAN WEEKLY READERS
*Treat Your Taste
To A Dozen Thrills*
MY FRUIT-FLAVORED GINS ARE AS
REFRESHING AS YOUR FRUITS"**

Pineapple *Raspberry* *Strawberry*

Mint *Lemon* *Lime* *Sloe*

Loganberry *Orange*

Give a new excitement, new pleasure to your drinking. Old Mr. Boston now offers tangy lime, tart lemon, golden juiced orange, mellow pineapple, dew-drenched mint, tingling cherry, luscious strawberry—in fact, a whole set of the most refreshing, deep-down satisfying flavors that ever slaked a thirst. A dozen delicious liquors—different in flavor but alike in enjoyment—the refreshing tang of luscious fruit with just enough vigor for a mellow glow.

Start collecting your set of Old Mr. Boston Fruit Flavored Gins tonight. They're 1937's cleverest "host kit." Instead of the usual "have a drink," give your friends a true touch of hospitality, and say, "Take your choice!" In a Tom Collins, Rickey, or Fizz, use these twelve flavors the same old way and be prepared for a brand new tingling treat.

CID MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN—90 PROOF
GIN MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON ORANGE FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON WILD CHERRY FLAVORED GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON LIME FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON LOGANBERRY FLAVORED GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON PINEAPPLE FLAVORED GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON RASPBERRY FLAVORED GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON STRAWBERRY FLAVORED GIN—70 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF
DRI MR. BOSTON LIME FLAVORED GIN—80 PROOF

BEN BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

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MIX DRINKS THIS QUICK EASY WAY . . .

1 SELECT YOUR
FLAVOR CHOICE
FROM THESE
THIRTEEN DIFFERENT GINS



2 ADD ONE PART INTO
A TALL GLASS
WITH SUGAR AND
STIR TO TASTE

3 ADD ICE AND
FILL WITH
CHILLED WATER

OLD
**Mr. Boston
Gins**



BRIDES' SPECIAL

Give a lifetime of happiness. Thrill the bride... and the groom also. This present brings better tasting coffee... protected by Pyrex brand glass, guaranteed against heat breakage. And there's a special this spring —

Brewing completed without removing glass from stove.

Genuine SILEX
GLASS COFFEE MAKER
The Sillex Company, Dept. 1, Hartford, Connecticut

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.



Perhaps the person who sits beside you could tell you something

Has this ever happened to you?

You are waiting for friends at an appointed meeting place. Or you drop into a movie to pass a pleasant hour, or go to a concert to which you have long looked forward.

Just as you start to relax and enjoy yourself, you suddenly become aware of something keenly disagreeable—something which annoys and distracts you.

The person who sits beside you has ruined your pleasure because she has let underarm perspiration odor make her so unpleasant to be near!

But think a minute... are you sure you never make it disagreeable for those who sit near you? Perhaps they could complain of you. Unless you realize that you cannot depend upon your daily bath for protection, you can never be sure of yourself.

Smart women know the modern answer to this troublesome old problem. Mum!

Quick and easy to use. It takes just half a minute to use this dainty deodorant cream. A light fingertip-

ful under each arm—that's all! No waiting for it to dry, no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time—before or after dressing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Softening to skin. And think of this—Mum is so soothing and cooling even to very delicate skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Does not prevent the natural perspiration. Mum does its important work of preventing every trace of perspiration odor without interfering with the perspiration itself.

Don't take a chance of offending those who sit beside you. Make Mum your protection and you'll be safe all day, every day! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS and know the result of being completely safe from this cause of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Spicy Herb Garden Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

ONE result of the enthusiasm of Garden Club and Flower Show groups has been a revival of interest in the small garden, or kitchen window-box herb collection. Fresh and dried herbs are used for flavoring and add fragrance everywhere. Among those that are most delightful for soups, steaks, salads, sauces, stuffings, egg dishes, etc., are basil, bay leaves, chervil, fennel, sweet marjoram, mint, mixed oregano and poultry dressing herbs, sage, salad berries, tarragon, thyme, savory and dill.

Among those most useful for herb teas are anise, chamomile, catnip, peppermint, pennyroyal, lemon verbena, lemon balm, horseradish, pot marjoram, sage, fennel, summer and winter savory, wormwood, thyme (English and French), clary sage and sage, not to speak of the anise-flavored plant and Indian borage. Old-fashioned recipe books give many fascinating directions for using leaves, stems and seeds of many of these plants.

Many of the finest writers of the world have proclaimed the aroma and excellence of such plants. Even the immortal Shakespeare refers to them time after time, a pleasant hobby for any summer vacation is collecting seeds of such plants or compiling all available references to them.

Old-Fashioned Caraway Seed Cookies.

CREAM 6 tablespoons butter, adding 1 cup sifted powdered sugar and 1 egg. Add 1/4 teaspoon rose extract and 1 tablespoon caraway seed. Beat in a cup sifted pastry flour. Drop by teaspoons on an oiled paper about 2 inches apart and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 or 350 degrees, until edges are delicately browned. Remove from pan immediately.

Anise Seed Cakes (By Request).

CREAM 1 tablespoon butter with 2 cups sifted sugar, adding 4 unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Beat with the hands as the warmth of the hand seems to improve the texture. Mix and

lift 1 quart flour with 1/4 teaspoon soda. Add to the first mixture. Sprinkle a floured board with anise seed. On the seed roll the dough to 1/4-inch thickness. Stamp with a spring-er press. Cut prints apart. Let stand on a floured board overnight. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately colored. Place in a dry cake or cookie box.

Caraway Seed Cookies (Very Old Recipe).

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 1 cup sifted sugar and cream with hand until smooth. Add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating constantly with the hand. Add 1/4 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons milk. Then beat in 2 cups flour sifted with 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon caraway seeds. Press on floured board, pat and roll to 1/4-inch thickness, shape with a small cutter, dipped in flour, place on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately browned.

Ginger Cookies.

CREAM 1/2 cup lard with 1/2 cup brown sugar. Add 1/2 cup molasses and beat until smooth. Add 2 beaten eggs, 1/2 cup thick sour cream and 2 cups flour sifted with 1/4 teaspoon soda. 1 tablespoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon ginger. Add additional

sional flour to make dough that can be handled. Roll out on lightly-floured board, shape with small cutter, place on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees until delicately browned.

Horseradish Sandwiches (By Request).

CREAM 6 tablespoons butter, gradually adding 4 tablespoons grated horseradish. 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a few grains salt. Spread between thin slices of bread. Cut out with diamond cutter, garnishing each sandwich with a thin slice of radish or stuffed olive.

Blackberry Mint Punch.

COOK 1 pint blackberries, 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water until soft. Press through a sieve, add the juice of 2 oranges, 4 tablespoons lemon juice and a few grains salt. Chill. Just before serving add 1 pint of charged water and pour over ice cubes or crushed ice. Garnish with crisp mint.

Caraway Jumbles (By Request).

CREAM 1/2 cup butter. Gradually beat in 1 cup sugar. 1 well-beaten egg, 1/4 cup milk, 3 cups flour sifted with 1/4 teaspoon baking-powder and 2 tablespoons caraway seeds. Mix to a firm dough, adding a little additional sifted flour if needed.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3678—A REAL "CHAMPION" FOR SPORTING OCCASIONS. THE LATEST FROCK OF COTTON THAT'S "BUILT FOR ACTION!" Designed for misses and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard ribbon trim.

Pattern 3677—AS GAY AS SUMMER ITSELF. IS THIS LOVE OF A FROCK THAT'S PERFECT IN BRIGHT-HUED, FLOWERS COTTON. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard ribbon trim.

Pattern 3676—WHAT COULD BE MORE FLATTERING OR ATTRACTIVE FOR THE MATRON THAN THIS JACKET AND SHIRTPOCK ENSEMBLE ON SLIM LINES! Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch fabric for entire ensemble.

Pattern 3675—VISION OF Dainty SHEER OR SUBTLY SYNTHETIC—THIS "CHARM" OF SLIMMERING FLATTERY. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard ribbon trim.

Pattern 3674—LIVES YOUR NATION WITH THE BRIGHTEST SET OF NAUTICAL DISH TOWELS EVER SEEN. EASY PINK TO CROSS-STITCH. Set of seven quickly done in colored thread. Pattern 3674 contains 16 motifs averaging 3 1/2 inch corners, directions for embroidering, illustrations of stitches used.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH. Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred). For each pattern and address your envelope.

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QUICK!
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MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT
Only

New approved formula
REMOVES
FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

NADINOLA Freckle Cream
FALSE TEETH
Gums Put right in
Gums "Stay Put"

DON'T NEGLECT
YOUR HAIR
GLOVERS MANGE MEDICINE
CORNS HURT?
Ask FOR
KOHLER
ONE NIGHT CORN SALVE
FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

DO YOU KNOW THAT The American Weekly Prints the most popular stories in a year than all the other newspapers and magazines combined?

My starch is never too thick or thin... I use STALEY'S STARCH CUBES

Each cube is a ready-made starch solution. Just drop it on your clothes and rub it in. It will be ready to wear in 10 minutes. It is the only starch that will not wash out. It is the only starch that will not yellow your clothes. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes stiff. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes heavy. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look old. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look dirty. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look ugly. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a mess. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a disaster. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a tragedy. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a horror. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a nightmare. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a living hell. It is the only starch that will not make your clothes look like a living hell.

WE'RE GOING TO

See the **Norge** before we buy



10-YEAR
WARRANTY

**THE ROLLATOR®
COMPRESSOR**...
exclusive Norge cold-making mechanism, has but
three slowly moving parts.
It employs smooth, easy,
rolling power instead of
hurried back-and-forth
action. Result—more cold
for the current used.



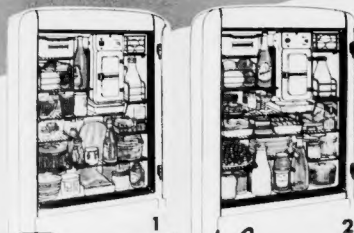
NORGE CONCENTRATOR RANGES

New, improved oven controls and top burners cut operating costs—make Norge ranges more efficient than ever. New economy—new performance—new styling—give you the finest range value in Norge history. Choose exactly the model you want from a wide selection of sizes, features, and colors. Be sure to see the new Norge Concentrator Ranges without delay!

NORGE ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION

Only Norge gives you all three requirements for ideal food preservation—keeps foods *Prime Fresh* 2 to 3 times longer. The new **LOW-TEMP** Rollator Refrigerator combines:
1—Temperatures below 40° instead of below 50°. 2—Higher humidity to minimize loss of food moisture. 3—Current costs no greater than for ordinary refrigeration. The Norge **LOW-TEMP** also makes more ice faster—gives amazing smoothness in home-made ice creams. Defrosting periods are much less frequent. See the **LOW-TEMP** now at your nearest dealer.

NORGE DIVISION Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Michigan



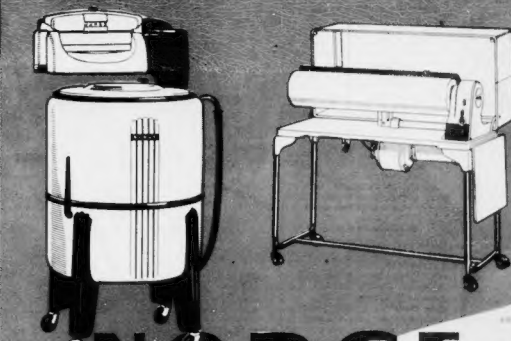
**9 Flexible
INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS**
INSTANTLY CHANGED—EXCLUSIVELY NORGE

The illustrations above show only 2 of the 9 different arrangements possible in most Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp models.

1—Movable insert shelf in lower position; accessory shelf removed. Bulky, hard-to-place articles fit

easily into the Norge interior without crowding out other important foods.

2—Insert shelf in top position and accessory shelf below, allowing bottle necks to project above the lower shelf when standing on bottom of food compartment. Norge offers the most flexible—most usable—interior arrangements.



NORGE
Plus Value Home Appliances

SEE YOUR NEAREST NORGE DEALER

GENERAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

NEW ENGLAND DISTRIBUTORS: BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • PORTLAND



Wise shoppers always see the Norge before they buy. Norge has outstanding, vital improvements in design and construction—practical usability, economy and style that most women want in appliances for the home. Do as hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic Norge owners have done—see the Norge before you buy!



NORGE FINE-AIR CONDITIONING FURNACE

Norge is years ahead in heating and air conditioning equipment for the home. The Norge Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace is able to deliver up to twice the heat usually extracted from fuel by old-fashioned systems. Complete winter air conditioning is of special Norge design. In summer, cooling and dehumidification equipment—Rollator powered—may be added.

NORGE AUTOBUILT WASHER

The new Norge Autobuilt Washers and Duotrol Ironers are vitally different in important features. Only the Norge washer has the Autobuilt transmission—steam-sealed tub—feather-weight agitator. You'll get greater economy, longer life, more use-value from a Norge Autobuilt Washer.

NORGE DUOTROL IRONER

The Duotrol Ironer offers new ironing freedom with two-speed controls, adjustable tensions, double thermostatic heat control, and a world of other plus-values. Ask your Norge dealer for a demonstration.